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by adding assiduously *iocchi*. The first word taught is *ba-ba-ba-iocchi*; and the last mewlings of old age shrink to the same deeply-founded syllables, here the alpha and omega of the human tongue. Ask but for a cup of water (as occurred on returning through Pozzuoli husky with dust), and you have to pay for all the cups of water that can be improvised at the moment; and if you pay not enough, you are greeted by contemptuous sharp looks from handsome features, that seem to have traces of Livia or Sempronia in them. As the carriage approaches, the idiots of the stately little town, the blind, the very sore, are gathered and led up to you to be paid; and in the absence of small money, the blessings of Santa Lucia and Santa Antonio is not on you.

On returning, the view towards Baæ was, in form and character, perfect, to ideality, in the tenderly serene evening, forming a seeming picture, profoundly, pensively, sweetly Italian,—where our *biga* affectionately lingered, instead of hurrying back to Pausylipum, in time to sup with that fiddle-faddle old senator we desecrated on the Lucrine beach. And on winding about the promontory that is graced with his villa, the variety of beauty became wonderful; at one moment the retrospect just dwelt upon, at the next, the whole bay of Naples—the spangled calm of its blue waters glimpsing behind hedges of aloes and the Indian fig. And these crowned yellow rocks, with regular horizontal flutings, curiously like architectural plinths and cornices, but sinking and rising here and there, from volcanic upheavals in times before Vesuvius renewed his man-forgotten activity; when the Ischian mount Eponesus was the great volcano of South Italy, the outbreak of the Typhæan hell, the mutterer of the ominous mysteries of Orcus. And then the whole promontory of Sorrento at last displayed its beauties, came out from the aerial film of a whole week's seclusion, in such colors as if the very landscape had put on gala; yet a wonderfully tender whitish light, very characteristic of this climate, pervading all. Distinct the many foldings of the precipices which cluster into the pyramidal mountain of the Great St. Angelo, the windings of the terraced road, the green steeps sprinkled with bright dwellings to a great height, like flocks of Venus's doves newly dismissed from her car, after some aerial voyage in which she had dispensed her gayest influences. W. P. BAYLEY.

TERESA CARRENO.

There is in a late number of *L'Art Musical* the following flattering notice of the gifted South American child-pianist, Teresa Carreno:

"A little wonder, a real prodigy arrived among us a few days ago. She comes from America. Her name is Teresa de Carreno; she is but twelve years of age, and is endowed with ideal beauty. This young and sympathetic child plays the piano in a manner that would surprise Liszt himself. It is incredible. In a few days, although the musical season is near to its close, the name of Teresa de Carreno will be known in all our Parisian salons. She is accompanied by her mother and by her father. Senor de Carreno is a distinguished man: ex-minister of finances in Venezuela, and now a political exile. These three travelers were nearly a month upon their ocean voyage. The steamship upon which they were passengers was wrecked, and by an unheard of chance, they were taken up by a passing ship.

CECILIA.

ART UNIONS.

Lord Robert Montagu's Committee will have, as we have said, an opportunity of considering how far Sir Robert Peel's assertion, that Art Unions are wrong in principle, and unserviceable to good Art, is sustained by facts. We have had some experience. The London Art Union has been in existence thirty years; and its subscriptions have amounted to £326,000. We have high-class Unions and low-class Unions. We have guinea subscribers and shilling subscribers,—all doing a little private gambling for prints and busts; and all affecting an air of patronage which artists would indignantly refuse. What have been the results? That during these past thirty years Art has made a certain progress among us,—particularly Manufacturing Art,—no one will deny; but no man with true knowledge of the facts will attribute any part of this improvement to the Art Unions. It has been the consequence of a gradual movement of ideas, of which the House of Commons has been no more than an intelligent witness and interpreter. See what the nation—as represented by its Chancellors of the Exchequer—has done for Art during the past twenty years. In 1846 the amount voted by Parliament for purposes connected with the Fine Arts was

Schools of Design.....	£5,381
National Gallery.....	3,390

£8,771

In 1861 the amount voted for the same object was—

Science and Art Department....	£77,415
National Gallery.....	11,670
Soltykoff Collection.....	3,000
Drawings by Old Masters.....	2,500

94,585

8,771

Increase.....£85,814

Last year the total sum voted by Parliament for these purposes was upwards of £190,000; being more than twenty times the amount appropriated in 1846.

Here are the true grounds for the large prosperity of artists in the recent past. £190,000 in one year! What other nation spends so much public money on Art? Since Art Unions were established, the Vernon, Sheepshanks, Turner, Bell, and other collections of modern Art have been added to the great treasures of the nation. It is true that these collections are almost entirely gifts to the nation; it is also true that the nation had already inspired the donors with a confidence in its taste and wisdom. The State has also taken charge of erecting buildings for their reception, and of defraying the expense of their exhibition.

The number of pictures and works of art exhibited in the public galleries in London in the past year (1865) was about 7,000. What portion of these works were bought by the Art Unions? A very near answer may be given. The number purchased on account of the London and Glasgow Art Unions (the only two of these Associations which made purchases of any great extent) may be estimated at 200. What is this number among so many? If the best works were purchased, it would be something. But the truth is notoriously the other way. 200 is a small fraction of 7,000. Why, there are some six or eight private dealers in London whose collections are of far higher character and value than the works

which have hitherto been purchased through the instrumentality of Art Unions. The only people who benefit by these Unions are the picture framers.

As regards the "encouragement of the highest Art," which was originally intended to be one of the most prominent objects of Art Unions, it is only necessary, in order to show how far this object has been attained, or even attempted, to point out that this year the London Art Union, with a subscription list of £11,743, gave only three prizes of a value exceeding £100 each, the values of each prize being respectively one of £200, two of £150. What sort of high-class picture can you buy in the open market for £150? A Faed, a Ward, a Frith, cannot be obtained under £700 or £800. But this is only in the highest region.

During the same year the average value of each picture prize was little over £32 10s.; and this may be estimated as a close general average of the ordinary value of the paintings distributed by the London Art Union. This amount may be considered higher than the usual average value of the paintings obtained through our *guinea* Art Unions. In the provincial Art Unions the prizes average from £8 to £15; but these art Unions have mostly 1s. shares, and the purchases are usually made from local Exhibitions, in which the field of selection is much smaller than that open to the Metropolitan Associations. These pictures, together with an occasional bronze cast, medal, a Parian statuette, or an engraving, form the prizes which, generally speaking, are the means by which the Art Unions profess to accomplish the mission which they have assumed of encouraging Art in every branch, "especially the highest." It is obvious that the result is mediocre as regards the paintings, and positively inferior in other respects, whilst the engravings which are annually distributed with a view to develop that branch of Art, are generally in every way inferior to engravings which are issued through the ordinary channels of publication. The same truth must be stated with regard to the bronzes and Parian statuettes, which are not only brought out finer in character, but in greater variety, by the manufacturers of those articles. In fact, in such respects the contributions of the Art Unions to the Art Fund of the country are absolutely paltry, inferior in every respect to the articles which are supplied to the public through the ordinary medium of trade; whilst in many instances the objects selected have been actually published by the trade, and Art Unions have been used as the means of getting rid of chromo-lithographs, and even photographs, which are to be had at all times through the ordinary channels of commerce. Sir Robert Peel's principle has met with a triumphant vindication.

Art has realized far more, standing on its own merits, than from the artificial encouragement afforded to it by the Art Unions. The Committee on Arts of 1836 remarked in their Report that "it seems probable that the principle of free competition in Art, as in commerce, will ultimately triumph over all artificial institutions." This was, in fact, Sir Robert Peel's position.

As regards the social effect of Art Unions, their tendency is to encourage that propensity for gambling which it was the object of the Lottery Act to discourage. This is particularly attested by the rapid increase of shilling Art Unions. The guinea Art Unions make hardly any progress; for example, in 1848 the subscriptions to the London Art Unions amounted to £12,857, whilst during

the past season the amount was £11,743; the highest year's subscription having once only, in 1847, reached £17,871. It is unquestionable that in many instances the right to choose a prize is bartered for a sum of money much less in value. The winner wants his stake, like any other gambler; he does not want a picture. Is that sort of transaction to be encouraged by the Legislature?

LITERARY NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED LIVING NEW YORK SURGEONS. John Bradburn: New York.

This interesting little volume is from the pen of Samuel W. Francis, A. M., M. D., the youngest son of the late eminent Dr. John W. Francis of this city. This unique volume is tastefully gotten up, and is embellished with a fine portrait of the late Dr. Valentine Mott, engraved on steel.

The work consists of a series of sixteen spirited sketches, setting forth the leading incidents in the lives of Drs. Mott, W. H. Van Bueren, H. C. Vost, Frank H. Hamilton, J. M. Carnochan, James R. Wood, Lewis A. Sayre, A. B. Mott, J. P. Bachelder, A. H. Stephens, W. Parker, G. Buck, John Swinbourne, J. S. Thebund, S. Smith, and Alex. E. Hosack.

The author having enjoyed an intimate personal acquaintance with his subjects, has been enabled to impart many interesting details in the professional career of each, which makes his book a valuable contribution to the biographical literature of the profession.

NEW YORK ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW.—

We have received the first number of this magazine, devoted to the principles of eclectic medical practice. Its editor, Robert S. Newton, M. D., is a gentleman celebrated, not only as a thoroughly educated and successful physician, but as a writer on medical science, &c. Dr. Newton, besides being Professor of Surgery in the Eclectic Medical College of New York, is the President of the New York State Medical Society. He is in every respect an able and remarkable man. His associate editor, Edwin Freeman, M. D., is a gentleman of fine abilities, and will be found a valuable coadjutor in carrying out the objects of the review.

The first number contains many valuable articles, the most prominent among them being by the associate editor upon Cholera Asiatica, cholera atmosphere, pathology, symptoms, and treatment of the disease. This is a most able paper, and should be extensively read. There are other original papers of great interest and value, and much matter of general information which those practicing eclectically should know. This first number is a great success, and will command the attention of all who are interested in the principles it advocates. The *New York Eclectic Medical Review* is published at No. 22 East 18th Street, at the subscription price of two dollars per annum, in advance.

EVERY SATURDAY.—This excellent periodical, published by Ticknor & Fields of Boston, still continues its course of success. The selections are made with excellent judgment, and, each number being complete in itself, renders it one of the pleasantest weeklies published.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.—Compiled and arranged by the Rev. Charles Hole, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, with additions and corrections by William A. Wheeler, M. A. New York, Hurd & Houghton.

This is a very useful and comprehensive work, containing in a condensed form an immense amount of information constantly sought for, and in most cases very difficult to obtain. Biographically, it affords simply the following information, namely, the dates of birth and of death, for what distinguished and principal works, and by whom the life was written. This class of information is constantly in demand, more especially by writers and journalists, and to these this work will prove a wonderful convenience. To the journal reader it will also be of interest, as it will afford a clue to the writers of the lives of many distinguished men, with whose career they would like to be familiar. The American edition is much more complete than the original English work, a large number of important names omitted, both European and American have been supplied; errors in dates and in the orthography and accent of names have been corrected, and the whole work rendered more generally accurate. It contains over twenty thousand names, and is as full, we suppose, as the plan of the work contemplated; should an enlarged edition, however, be decided upon at a future date, there are many names which occur to us worthy of record that might be added. The orthography of two names we find wrong, that of Bocha, spelled in the work Bocska, and Charles E. Horn spelled Horne.

We consider this brief Biographical Dictionary a work of general utility, and that its place should be on every library table.

LITERARY NOTES.

A lady correspondent, Washington, D. C., requests some information in regard to the authorship of the novel entitled "Charles Auchester," and if there are any other works from the same pen. We call to mind two other novels by the author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," and "Almost a Heroine," the production of which created quite a sensation. Some four years ago the *Atlantic Monthly* contained an article, written by Mrs. Spofford (then Miss Harriet Prescott), author of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," on the question of the authorship of "Charles Auchester." The *Atlantic* article was a characteristically clever one, analyzing the style and describing the *personnel* of the up-to-that-time unknown novelist; and who had just but recently died. The writer was a lady, a Miss Elizabeth Sheppard, orphan daughter of an English clergyman. "Charles Auchester" was written at the age of sixteen and published in 1853. The title-page bore the *nom de plume* of E. Berger, a French translation of her real name; "A name," says Mrs. Prescott Spofford, "that is not the most attractive in the tongue, but all must love it who love her; for, if any theory of transmission be true, does she not prove something of her own oneness with Nature, of her intimacy with its depths, of her love of fields, and flowers, and skies, to that ancestry who won the name, as, like the princely Hebrew boy, they tended the flocks upon the hills, under sunlight and starlight, and in every wind that blew?" The article in the *Atlantic* revealed not only the

beautiful life, but the melancholy death of its subject, "who," says the writer, "on one of those delicious days that came in the middle of this year's April (1862)—warmth and fresh earth smells breathing all about—the wide sprays of the lofty boughs lying tinged in rosy purple, a web-like tracery upon the sky, whose azure was divine,—the air itself lucid and mellow, as if some star had dissolved itself within it—on such a day the little foreign letter came, telling that at length balm had dropped upon the weary eyelids—Elizabeth Sheppard was dead."

Mr. W. P. Fitzgerald writing of the "gentle Elia" gives the following touching glimpse of the closing days of that quaint genius, and the abiding sorrow with which Coleridge's death struck him:

"It is sad to think that Lamb's later days were not of the calm and pleasant sort described by his friends. A great tenderness and delicacy, a friendly sensitiveness, has kept back from the account of Lamb's history much which concerned the horrid specter which attended him all through life. We are led to believe that in time that great and dreadful trouble had been softened for him, and had, as it were, faded out, and that the evening of his days had been calm and tranquil. This, at least, would be the impression, reading his closing at Edmonton. But it said, and it is vouched for by good authority, that not long before he died, he and his sister had been placed at Enfield, in a house called Bay Cottage, with a woman named Redford, who was accustomed to take care of deranged persons. It is said that both required restraint, and that the woman of the place treated them with cruelty, often locking up brother and sister together in a closet during some of their fits. There are those who recollect having seen Mary Lamb at a window, tearing up a feather bed, and scattering the feathers in the air. Fortunately friends found out this pitiable state of things, and Charles was removed in time to Edmonton, where he could die in peace. During that interval, his mind seemed to be filled with but one subject. It always reverted to Coleridge, and in the strangest way—even humorously. He would interrupt the conversation with an abrupt exclamation, 'So Coleridge is gone!' On November 21st, five weeks only before he died, he asked to write something in a friend's album. 'When I read the death of Coleridge,' he wrote, 'it was without grief. It seemed to me that he had long been on the confines of the next world—that he had a hunger for eternity. But since I feel how great a part he was to me, his great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. * * * He was my fifteen years' old friend, without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seemed to love the house he died at more passionately than when he died. * * * What was his mansion, is consecrated to me a chapel.' 'A more pathetic chime to a departed friend was never sounded. He seemed never to recover the blow.'"

The London *Morning Star* remarks that M. Jules Favre, the greatest orator of the Liberal party in the French Parliament, has just invited, with all the emphasis of his eloquence and earnestness, the attention of his countrymen to one of the worst and most growing evils under which France suffers to-day. M. Favre denounces with eloquent and sincere indignation the abominable condition of the literature, and drama, and stage of France. He points to the appalling contrast presented by the unbridled licentiousness of the novelist and the dramatist,